

## SOCIAL RANK IN GERMANY

Richard Lieber Describes Conditions of Life That Existed Under Autocratic and Military Rule.

"The great majority of immigrants belong to the poorer classes," said Richard Lieber in a speech in Indianapolis, according to the German Democracy Bulletin. "But no matter how poor or well-to-do, they belong in a circumscribed class out of which they cannot move except in extraordinary circumstances. What has America done for them? If it had not done another thing than to remove this damnable barrier it would be entitled to our undying thanks and devotion. Here we meet on a common plane; in Germany we were assigned to a definite spot in their medieval layer cake and there we stay, our children and grandchildren."

"You remember, of course, that in Germany the youngest lieutenant is eligible to court attendance, whereas in civil service the rank has to be very high to be 'most graciously commanded.' That circumstance gave rise to the striking expression attributed to a shavetail of a Potsdam guard officer: 'In civilian life, human beings only begin with the rank of private counselor.'"

"How many of us under the classification would have a right to consider ourselves human beings at all?"

"It may be said that this is merely a joke, but I know whereof I speak, for my father was an officer of the government and the army and although he had practically only three men between himself and the emperor, I do remember how that high-minded and liberal man ached under the restrictions of class and rank. I for one got enough of it in time, and although I have many pleasant and even tender memories of the old country, they are strictly disconnected from any tolerance of the absolute and medieval clasp of royalty and its adulterers."

"To those few, however, who even now fall in unqualified loyalty to our country, and who still live in their thought in Germany, to those few I say:

"You are not wanted over there and you are not needed here. You want to be a citizen of two countries, and you are a citizen nowhere. Germany sneers at you for your academic sympathies and the United States holds you in contempt for your pitiful attempt to be true to two political wives."

"Walter Damschro and I, about ten years ago, had discussed America and Germany; when speaking of the many beautiful things abroad, he suddenly sighed and exclaimed:

"But with all, should I want to be the same Walter Damschro in Germany that I am in America, I would at least have to be Landgrave of Thuringia or archduke of Luxemburg."

### Lincoln Accorded High Rank.

Although preceded and followed in the presidential office by men who had received long and thorough college and university training, which he lacked, there is, nevertheless, not one of them the equal of Abraham Lincoln, in clarity, brevity and felicity of expression. "His simple, luminous sentences," says one of our national writers, "are models that cannot be improved upon." Today Lincoln's position as a master of the English tongue in its strength and simplicity is unquestioned. The French Academy, Emerson, Lowell, Everett, Beecher, Ingersoll are united on that point. "No man of his century," says the author of his Letters and Addresses, "could state a proposition with more exactness and compactness. His clarity of expression, the consistent building up of his arguments, his brilliantly apt comparisons, his illuminating wit, his merciless pursuit of illogic in his opponents were phenomenal."

The Gettysburg address was ranked by Emerson as the peer of any of the utterances of man.

### Censor's Postscript.

William B. Towsley of Chicago received a letter from his son in France and upon this letter hangs a story. Myron H. Towsley, twenty-three years old, went over with the One Hundred and Forty-ninth United States field artillery and is now a corporal.

In his letter he described the sensation of getting a baptism of shell fire. He admitted he was scared, that knees, stomach and nerves went on a strike. To considerable length he described the symptoms of fear he frankly admitted he felt. But down at the bottom of the letter the censor, a lieutenant, wrote:

"Your son writes that he was frightened. Nevertheless, he volunteered to go into 'No Man's Land' under shell fire, and bring back a wounded captain."

### Mean Feeling.

A colored unit was moving up to take its place in the line of battle. It was early morning, and daylight had not yet begun to break.

"Hey, sergeant," came a voice from over in the brush to the left, "when we all go to find them Boches?"

"Never you mind, child; you all gonna find plenty of them things 'fore long."

"Well, I sho hope so, sergeant," came the voice. "If I don't get rid of dis mean feelin' 'fore long I'se gwine to carve up on the mess sergeant, sho?"—The Stars and Stripes.

### Quite So.

"Washington at Valley Forge presents a heroic figure."

"You bet. Quite different from a kaiser in a cellar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Notice

Just received a new line of Dog License Tags, marked down to \$1.00 for males and \$3.00 for open females. Tags will be sent at once to all persons who have paid, those who have not already sent in their money are requested to do so at once.

Yours very truly,  
WILLIS GIBSON, Tr.  
Highland County.

FOR SALE—Several pure bred white Leghorn roosters. Now is time to get a bargain.

## SCENE OF MIRACLE

How "The Field of the Bear" Received Its Name.

According to Legend of Ancient Gaul It Was the Place of Bruin's Penance at Behest of Indignant Saint Medard.

"The Field of the Bear," that is the interpretation of the name of that Ourcamp forest which figured so conspicuously in the good news of the irresistible advance of the allies in the valley of the Oise. The ground in question forms a part of the thickly wooded massif which extends for a long distance along the left bank of the Oise, and in the center of which, like a diamond set in the heart of a huge emerald, lies the royal city of Compiègne.

But whence this curious name of Ourcamp—Urscamp, Ursi Campus, the Field of the Bear? Listen to the legend of ancient Gaul. It was very, very long ago, when the bear and the aurochs divided between them northern Gaul, and the puny two-legged creature man had just begun to invade their "ancient, solitary reign." Bitterly did they resent the invasion, and indefinitely did they put every conceivable obstacle in the way thereof. But it was in vain. Little by little man forced his way in cutting down parts of the forest and turning over the surface soil with his plow; using to drag this implement a tamed and spiritless cousin of the aurochs. Because of that relationship, perhaps, the aurochs refrained from violent interference with the plowing, but not so the bear. Ruthlessly the mighty plantigrade rushed upon the yoke of oxen, struck down the fattest one and bore his carcass away to his den in the depth of the wood.

Aggrieved at the loss, the plowman hastened to good St. Medard, the bishop of Noyon, and told him of the bear's foul deed. "It is enough," said the saint. "Master Bear shall be taught a lesson that he will not soon forget."

So he went to the scene of the tragedy and easily traced the course of the bear from beside the plow in the unfinished furrow to his lair in the forest, where he found him gorged upon his ill-gotten prey.

"So, thou murderous glutton!" exclaimed the righteously indignant saint. "Thou didst slay a peaceful, harmless, useful creature. And dost thou expect to go unwhipped? Not so, but thou shalt make reparation in kind and with interest. This poor man is deprived of one of his yoke of oxen and cannot therefore complete his plowing. In the name of the Lord, come thou and thyself take the place of the creature thou hast slain. I'll warrant me thy stout legs and burly body will drag the plow through the most stubborn sward!"

So, all through the rest of the plowing season, Master Bear had his thick neck in the yoke by the side of the ox, and never was there held more quickly or more deeply plowed than that; to the edification of the country round, and to the spiritual chastening of repentant bruin. And thereafter the plowman and his neighbors, filled with wonder and admiration, consecrated and perpetuated the memory of the good saint's miracle by building there a church in honor of St. Medard and calling the farm and neighboring wood Ursi Campus—Ourcamp, the Field of the Bear.

## SET RECORD FOR BUILDING

New York University Put Up Eight Large Buildings for Soldiers in Thirteen Days.

New York university set a record in finishing an army barracks building for the new students' army training corps in six days, says the New York Tribune. This building was the first of a group of eight needed for the newly inducted soldiers at the university. The entire group was completed in 13 days from the time the work was started. Prof. Collins P. Bliss, head of the department of mechanical engineering at the university, supervised this rush job of construction, the university authorities having contracted for the erection of the barracks as soon as it was learned that New York university would become an S. A. T. C. camp.

The buildings are completely sealed so they can be kept comfortably heated by the big cantonment stoves. There are double floors throughout, there is double sheathing on the outside, and the walls are sealed inside. Each barracks conforms to the army plan of 48 by 120 feet dimensions.

In the mess hall 1,600 men are fed in two shifts. High pressure steam cookers are used. There are gas and coal ranges, steam tables on which to keep the food hot, and some kettles three feet in diameter. A dishwasher operated by steam cleans 3,000 dishes an hour.

One of the university's graduate engineers—John Lowry, Jr.—was responsible for the rapid erection of the barracks. Being engaged extensively in government work, he was able to throw in a large force of men, transferred from other government work that was finished.

The site of the first barracks was surveyed and staked and posts were set in concrete in one day.

Stung Again. Two rookies were indulging in the soldier's privilege—growing about his station and how the soldier gets stung for everything.

"I ordered a chicken dinner at a cafe down town and they charged me a dollar and six bits," Bones was saying.

A newsie overheard him. "Say, mister," he said, "I know where you can get a chicken dinner for two bits. A good big one, too."

The soldiers looked skeptical, but the newsie insisted that he was telling the truth. Finally the soldier who had been stung asked where this place was located. The newsie mentioned an address on one of the side streets of San Antonio.

A few days later the two soldiers went to the city and determined to visit this cheap restaurant. They found the address. It was a feed

## DEFY FATHER TIME

Passing Years Need Not Bring Uselessness.

California Writer Arises in Wrath to Deny That Seventy-Two Should Be Considered a "Ripe Old Age."

A newspaper item, a few days ago, stated that a certain man named So-and-so died "at the ripe old age of seventy-two."

Commenting on this the Los Angeles Times says that seventy-two is not a ripe old age and adds:

A ripe old age is an age when the person who has attained it is ready for old Father Time to come along and pluck him from the tree of life. If you will take a bird's-eye view of the activities of the world at the present hour, or even if you will look about you in your own community, you will see that men and women of seventy-two are among the foremost hustlers everywhere.

(Active heads of great nations, big business men in the biggest businesses, leaders and go-getters of all descriptions in every direction you look have passed the seventy-two mark and are still going strong.)

Why, a man should be about at his best at the age of seventy-two. And it is at that age that woman should really begin to enjoy life in high-heeled shoes, short skirts and a hat with roses all over it.

Cato did not begin the study of Greek until he was eighty years of age, and it was at the same age that Plutarch began the study of Latin. Hobbes, the English philosopher, published his best book when he was eighty-seven, and Chevreul, forever immortal in scientific research, was busy as a bee at his work in his one hundred and second year.

One of the most active lawyers of the Los Angeles county bar is past his ninetieth year, and we know of another Los Angeles man who has just been appointed cashier of a new bank at the age of seventy-four.

In short, the cold fact is that seventy-two is very far indeed from being "a ripe old age."

On the other hand, of course, a man can let himself be old at most any age. There are lots of men who are old at thirty, but it is a state of mind with them and not a physical condition, even though they may not be in good health.

As to women, we very well know that it was the fashion for them to be old and fear-ruffled caps at forty. But that isn't the case now, by any means. Think of Lillian Russell, Sara Bernhardt and Schumann-Helk, merely to mention some of the more prominent women of our time.

We would go so far as to say that age is a question of what we look at it. That "a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks," is, indeed, a very good saying. A man is a fool not to feel all right, and a woman may be trusted never to "look" old if she is the woman she ought to be.

It is a great idea for a man when he is anywhere between fifty and seventy to mentally start all over again as though he had set out, like a boy, upon the great adventure of life.

Instead of spending his time then in vain regrets, let him resolve to attain all that he has missed. Let him, above all things else, renew his enthusiasm. Let him go to the circus again and buy peanuts for the elephant; let him go stark, into an old swimming hole; whenever he hears a band let him follow it till he has lost the way home.

It shall be just as we think about it. We are to remember that we shall live only once on this earth, and that we will be a long time dead.

### His Achievements.

"I have been in business here at the old stand for thirty-four years," admitted the proprietor of the Right Place Store in Petula. "During that time 27,050, to round numbers, fresh young drummers have tried to talk me into buying rare bargains that I didn't want, and 13,525 well-meaning lunkheads have left the door open when it ought to have been shut. I have listened with a crocodile smile to something like 46,743 old stories and no more than two dozen new ones. I have furnished settin' places for all the prominent and influential loafers of the community, and have had two tons of prunes, cheese and ginger-snaps set up by 'em. I am thirty-four years old or thereabouts, and I have trusted almost everybody who has asked me to, and some of them cheated me and others didn't. So, speaking biologically, I s'pose I don't think any worse of my fellow citizens than they do of me."—Kansas City Star.

### Mount Ararat Now a Republic.

The announcement of the formation of "The Independent Republic of Ararat" will brush away the fallacy which regards Ararat as just a mountain instead of a country, albeit the very mountain on which the ark rested when the waters of the Deluge began to abate. Genesis is explicit enough to have prevented the mistake, it might be thought; it says quite distinctly: "The ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat." In its day, Ararat was a great power, holding sway far to the east and to the west. But to western Europe Ararat has long been known as the place where the dove first plucked the olive branch and returned with her message of hope to the Ark.

## DON'T FORGET US

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## WHAT THE POLLS THINK OF PRESIDENT WILSON.

The Germans used to laugh at the notes sent by President Wilson. They did not spare him their jokes or sarcasms. In their heavy gayety the Boches neglected to foresee one thing. That the President, determined to have his notes paid, would send, armed to the teeth, two million collectors.—Garnusseau, Cdt. of Chasseurs.

I have often noticed that the names of great men end in N. Note the greatest American Presidents—Washington, Lincoln, Wilson. And who was the greatest French genius of recent ages but Napoleon?—Cpl. MonbarboN.

We who have fought, suffered and guard in our hearts an infinite gratitude for President Wilson. Isn't it he who, in a great measure, discovered the famous machine for suspending hostilities?—Sgt. Mathi Leon.

Although smooth-shaven, President Wilson has the tenacity of the pollu. Uncle Sam can be proud of his nephew.—N. B., Machine Gunner.

The great triumph of President Wilson will prove to have been the enlisting of millions and millions of beings in the cause of the war in thought and heart before enlisting them in actuality.—2nd Lt. X.

It is to fertile and generous America that ten million French—so say statistics—have owed their daily bread for more than a year. If, absorbed in Right and Justice, President Wilson is a great idealist, in the presence of the above figures it must be admitted that he does not seem entirely without interest in material considerations.—Jen Deon.

What do I think of him? I can't to any more than say my wife is expecting someone. It's a boy we'll all him Wilson. Pvt. Dumondret.

### OF THE YANKS

The two greatest emotions felt by the Boches in the course of the war must have been the landing of the 75's and then—that of the Americans.—C. Leroy, Mar. des Logis, Artillery.

Seeing how they fought on our soil, we cannot but wonder what they would have done had it been a question of defending their own native land.—P. V.

Those who know with what indifference and what scorn of danger the Americans went into battle say that these devils of men risked their lives as if they had a couple in reserve.—Sgt. Verdais.

The Americans differ from the French only in the color in their uniform. Let the coat be blue or khaki, the heart which beats beneath is the same.—Cpl. Vedda (three citation).

The American and Frenchman are brothers. Aren't they, as a matter of fact, the two sons of Justice and Liberty?—Raffstin.

When you are bound by friendship to American soldiers, when you have fought by their side, when you have experienced their generous fraternity, it takes a great effort to realize the immensity of the ocean which separates—geographically—the two nations.—Lt. Thorre.

Their moral has been magnificent. The war is a rosary of small and great miseries, which they, like the perfect philosophers they are, told over smiling.—Marius Thibot, 1st Cl. Pvt.

We have often been side by side with the Americans. And I must state that, in spite of the fatigues and perils of war, not one of them has uttered, to my knowledge, one word of ill-humor nor the slightest recrimination. To tell the truth, however, I must admit that I don't understand a word of their language.—Margonais.

## Japan Studying America's Saving System

Japan is anxious to profit by America's thrift campaigns, according to a statement from the Treasury Department, to the War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District, which says that representatives of Japanese banks are making an intensive study of the war savings stamp and thrift stamp plan, developed by the United States, with the idea of adapting some of its features in promoting savings in Japan, especially among the agricultural classes.

One of the largest financial institutions in the Flowery Kingdom, the represented in this country by Kat-Hypothec Bank of Tokio, has been studying the American plan he will sail for Europe to study the details of the British war savings system and those of France and other continental countries. He will then make an exhaustive report to the Tokio bank and a complete Japanese plan will be devised.

Recently visiting the savings division of the United States Treasury, the Japanese banker said that a \$5-debenture issue by his institution had proved especially popular with farmers. It has served, he said, to promote popular savings in all parts of Japan. The bank is particularly anxious to encourage the savings of small sums toward the purchase of its debentures and for that reason is deeply interested in the war savings plan, which has proved so successful in this country.

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## Market Exchange Show Profit.

The farm bureaus of Providence and Bristol Counties, R. I., have established an exchange for marketing their produce, and for cooperative buying and selling. Before the first semi-annual meeting the exchange had done \$15,000 worth of business and it had been found necessary to enlarge the establishment three times. A force of 15 people is kept to handle the sales. Eleven carloads of grain and feed have been secured for the farmers at a saving of from \$1.50 to \$11.50 a ton. Eight hundred tons of fertilizer also have been secured for spring use at a saving of \$10 a ton. One farmer netted \$523 more than the average price in the local market by selling his market-garden products through this exchange.

## Recent and Timely Bulletins

The following bulletins on subjects of interest to the farmers and home keeper may be had by addressing the Director of the Extension Division, Blacksburg, Virginia. A list of all available publications of the Extension Division will be sent on request.

Bulletin No. 22. "Hotbeds and Cold Frames for the Home Garden."

by R. E. Marshall, Horticulturist.

Bulletin No. 27. "Methods of Testing Seed Corn," by E. R. Hodgson, Agronomist.

Bulletin No. 29. "Planting the Garden," by R. E. Marshall, Horticulturist, and C. Woolsey, Asst.

Bulletin No. 30. "Wheat," by E. R. Hodgson, Agronomist.

Bulletin No. 32. "Directory of Virginia Breeders of Purebred Livestock," by Morton O. Cooper, Animal Husbandman of Extension Division, and R. E. Hunt, Professor of Animal Husbandry, V. P. I.

Bulletin No. 33. How to save sugar," by C. C. Townley, Specialist in Home Economics.

Bulletin No. 34. "Grape Culture," by R. E. Marshall, Horticulturist.

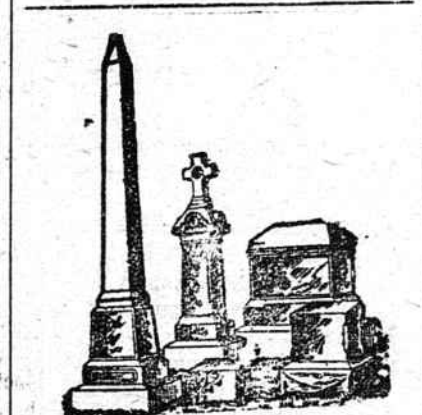
Bulletin No. 35. "Control of Roent in the Orchard," by C. Woolsey, Assistant Horticulturist.

Bulletin No. 36. "Strawberry Culture," by C. Woolsey, Asst. Horticulturist.

Bulletin No. 40. "Status of Commercial Apple Growing in Virginia," by R. E. Marshall, Horticulturist.

## Shipping Association Successful

A cooperative shipping association, formed in August, 1918, by members of the farm bureau of Linn County, Ore., has shipped 26 carloads of live stock from six towns. The saving has been 50 cents a hundred pounds, or \$2,000 on the 26 carloads. The present membership is 177 farmers. The association, managed by an executive committee, employs a shipping manager who gets 10 cents a hundred pounds and his expenses on trips to market. The association ships for anyone, but retains 50c from non-members' first shipments as membership fees. Damages and loss of stock are paid from an insurance fund kept up by an assessment of 5c a head on sheep, 10c on hogs, and 15c on cattle. Shippers in each car apportion freight, yardage, commission, feed, and yard insurance charges on that particular car among themselves, according to the weights of their stock.



## GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

In view of the continued rise in prices and the probable embargo, The Clifton Forge Marble & Granite Works bought several car loads of finished work early last fall. The prices are a little higher, but we can still offer you bargains.

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